

# Lou Reed, Tripitena's Speech

[Spoken Track]

[Tripitena:]

My love  
The king by any other name a pissoir  
You, my love tower over them all  
they are but vermin beneath your heels  
They are monkeys  
Suit them, frame them to your own vision  
but do not let one false word  
of mockery seep through to your vast heart  
I have seen you from close and afar and your worth  
far exceeds your height, your width  
the depth of your sorrow  
Oh willful outcast doth thou not see the light of our love  
our linked fortunes  
our hearts melded together  
into one fine golden braided finery  
They listen to the music of idiots and amuse themselves  
with the sordid Miseries of their businesses  
They are not the things of angels  
nor of any higher outpost that humanity might aspire to  
Your loathsome vomitous  
businessman king is of the lowest order  
his advisors  
crumbling mockeries of education driven by avarice  
My love  
dress them in the suits of mockery  
and in their advanced state of stupidity  
and senility  
burn and destroy them so their ashes might join the compost  
which they so much deserve  
If justice on this earth be fleeting  
let us for once hear the weeping  
and the braying of the businessman king  
Let them be the the orangutans they are  
and set them blazing from the chandelier for all to see  
hanging from the ceiling by their ridiculous chains  
and petticoats which you will have them wear  
under the guise of costumic buffoonery  
He who underestimates  
in time is bound to find the truth sublime  
and hollow lie upon the grates of systemic disorder  
Businessmen  
you're not worth shitting on